

Traveler's Directory.

Fall River Line

NEW YORK the South and West.

Steamers PLYMOUTH and PILGRIM
in commission.
Leave New York, week days only, at 2:15 P.M.
Leave New York, 7:00 A.M.
RETURN from New York, steamers
Leave Pier 10, N.Y., at Warren street,
at 10:30 A.M.
Fast car for Fall River leaves at 10:45 A.M.
Fast car for Fall River, 10:45 A.M.
Fast car for Fall River leaves at 11:45 A.M.
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Fast car for Fall River leaves at 9:45 P.M.
Fast car for Fall River leaves at 10:45 P.M.

PROVIDENCE, FALL RIVER & NEWPORT

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

On and after September 22,

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days only, 8:45 A.M. Leave Providence,
week days only, 4 P.M. Leave New York,
Monday and Saturdays only, stop at Providence,
stop at Cincinatti Mondays
only each way.

Excursion Tickets, only 10¢.

B. BUFFUM, Agent, Transportation,
ARTHUR H. WATSON,
President and General Manager.

1899.

JAMESTOWN & NEWPORT Ferry Co.

From foot of Market Square, Newport.

On and after Jan. 10, 1899.

STEAMER CONANICUT OR

BEAVERTAIL

will run as follows:

LEAVE NEWPORT.	LEAVE JAMESTOWN.
6:45 A.M.	6:15 A.M.
9:30 " "	8:15 " "
10:30 " " U.S. Mail	10:30 " " Mail
12:00 " " P.M.	11:00 " " P.M.
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SUNDAY TIME TABLE.

6:30 A.M. 9:00 A.M.

1:00 P.M. 4:00 P.M.

Subject to change without notice.

20 Cents Round Trip or 12 Tickets for One Dollar.

Liberal arrangements can be made
for extra trips by applying to the
Superintendent.

J. P. KOHLER, Superintendent.

NEWPORT AND WICKFORD

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.,

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect Nov. 1, 1892.

Leave

Newport, A.M. P.M. P.M. P.M.

Providence, 10:00 A.M. 12:00 P.M. 1:00 P.M.

Boston, 11:30 A.M. 1:30 P.M. 2:30 P.M.

Wickford, 1:30 P.M. 3:30 P.M. 4:30 P.M.

Leave

New York, A.M. A.M. P.M. P.M.

Boston, 12:00 P.M. 2:00 P.M. 4:00 P.M.

Providence, 1:00 P.M. 3:00 P.M. 5:00 P.M.

Wickford, 2:00 P.M. 4:00 P.M. 6:00 P.M.

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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899.

The mayor of Havana while he is a native of Cuba is a naturalized American citizen. They will be in time.

The treasury estimate of the population of the United States last month was 75,330,000, and the amount of money in circulation was \$1,691,301,422. The figures speak well for the expansion of the past.

All State legislatures that have us yet taken cognizance of the matter have voted almost unanimously in favor of expansion. Maine and Massachusetts are both unanimously in favor of the treaty of Paris but one half their Senators are still intransigent to the people.

"Who is it?" asked the schoolboy's father as he glanced through the text book. "Why, that's Adm. Dewey, who was supposed to hold the world on his shoulders." "If he wasn't up to date, if he had lived later in history he would have organized a few corporations and tried to put it in his pocket."

The Spaniards held another funeral over the remains of Columbus and report say, they had a very solemn time. "We don't wonder at it for it was the same Columbus that caused them all their trouble. If he had discovered America the Spaniards would not have had to evacuate Cuba, and Uncle Sam's Navy would not have sent the Spaniards to 'Davy Jones' locker."

Control of the stock of the Worcester, Nashua and Rochester railroad has passed into the hands of the New York Mutual. The new president is succeed Col. E. B. Soddard, is G. G. Haven of New York. The arrangements were made by Frank Jones and C. A. Sinclair of Portsmouth, N. H., and G. W. Armstrong of Boston, who together owned nearly a majority of the stock. The price paid was \$130 a share.

Representative Clark of Iowa has introduced a bill in Congress "providing that no polygamist shall be a Senator or Representative." It provides that "no person living in or practicing polygamy shall be eligible to be a member of either House of Congress of the United States, nor shall such person be permitted to hold a seat therein." It is further provided that the evidence of polygamy shall be of whatever nature to establish the fact." Another provision makes the act take immediate effect.

A recent report received by the American Board as to the condition of affairs in Hawaii, speaks of the fact that intoxicating drinks are ruining many of the people, and that the remaining healthiness of the natives is re-inforced by that which is imported from China and Japan. Shinto and Buddhist priests are said to be active in the support of their faith among the Japanese laborers in the islands. The sight of Chinese men on their way to the seminaries to pay their homage to their dead ancestors, with their accustomed ceremonies, is not uncommon.

The Tennessee legislature has passed a law taxing all trading stamp companies and all their branches doing business in that state \$50 annually; and all merchants giving stamps \$25 annually. The trading stamp companies tried hard to defeat the bill, but without success. It is said that the International Trading Stamp Co. of New York sent lobbyists down there to work for the defeat of the measure. On the other hand positions signed by many thousands were sent in asking for the abolition of the nuisance.

A New Balloon Gun.

Uncle Sam has a new balloon gun. It is just completed, having been constructed by a firm of ordnance-makers from plans drawn at the Rock Island Arsenal. This gun is not designed for use in an airship, but to attack war balloons. It is purely an experiment, and, if it proves efficient, others like it will be built. The balloon gun is mounted on a wagon and so placed upon "universal" bearings as to be aimed instantaneously from zenith to horizon. After the usual manner of the machine weapon, it throws a continuous stream of projectiles, like water turned on from a hose, and no gasbag exposed to its discharge for many moments could possibly stay aloft. The projectiles are conical and of solid steel, having no bursting charge, and weigh a pound apiece. A hollow, oval stand, fastened to the floor of the wagon, supports the gun, the arrangement being such that, when it has to be aimed directly upward, the marksman must squat beneath it. Its effective range is a mile and a quarter.

Croker is right, says an Exchange, in saying that the "to 1 to 1 question is a dead issue." He is right in saying that McKinley's election brought good times. But Croker is not rousing the Democratic party. He condemns Bryan, Jones, Bailey and the other Western and Southern chief-claims of that organization, but as these men are going to be permitted to lead the party to a defeat in 1900 more sweeping and ruinous than that of 1896, his wise counsel is vain. Croker, of course, represents Eastern Democratic sentiment, but the Western and Southern wreckers are in control of the Democracy's machinery, and will force it into one more disaster.

It is probably sound policy for the United States to pay off the ruffians, known as the Cuban army, and thus get rid of their arms and reduce them to the smallest terms as an element of danger to law and order. But for those fellows to be "demanding their pay," as a condition precedent to their disbandment, is a bit of impudence that no equal number of Spaniards will ever exceed. Suppose—if one can suppose such a thing—that those "patriots" had achieved their liberty, who would have "paid them off"? In that case? We know how they would have paid themselves, by looting the towns and plantations; and we know, also, that, with them in control of it for a year, the island would not be able to pay anything to anybody.

Present Strength of Our Navy.

NOTICE
TO MILK DEALERS.

In accordance with Section 2, Chapter III, Laws of the State of Rhode Island, it is hereby given that the undersigned has appointed Inspector of Milk for the City of Newport.

ROBERT L. OMAN,
Sanitary Inspector,
Office of the Committee on
Health and Sanitation.Milkery Building, 183 Thames Street,
Office Hours from 1 to 4 P.M. and from
7 to 8 P.M.

SOLD BY DRUGGIST, 75c.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY STANDARD TIME.

1899.

Sun 1 Mon 2 Tues 3 Weds 4 Thurs 5 Fri 6 Sat 7 Sun 8

28 29 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52

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6 Fri 10 14 18 22 26 13 25 23 31 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52

7 Sat 11 15 19 23 14 26 24 32 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

SATURDAY, JAN. 25.
Mayor Keith of Quincy, Mass., makes a clean sweep in his appointments to Quincy offices—Harry Cornish refuses to discuss his rumored resignation as athletic trainer of the Knickerbocker Athletic club of New York—Fourteen shipwrecked sailors from the Gloucester fisherman Edith M. McInnes brought to Boston by the Police George—Charge of management of eminent trust promised—Bill in Colorado's senate to cut telephone rates one-half—Massachusetts 1st U.S. Congressmen get many government contracts—Central of Worcester and Nashua railroad passes to New York—Quay falls again to the elected senator, lacking 13 votes—Some difficulty experienced in casting the ball of the new cup defender—Giantware trust to be incorporated under the name of the National Banking and Stampeding company, with \$20,000,000 capital—Coal miners of four states answer the miners' A.M.A. committee, decreeing a reduction of wages, instead of the advance asked for—Official announcement that the Edison Electric and Illuminating company of New York is to be taken over to the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat and Power company—Congressman Barrows likely to be appointed librarian of congress—French chamber of deputies excited over Dreyfus debate.

SUNDAY, JAN. 26.

Coal miners and operators in Pennsylvania fixing up strike—Pennsylvania Boston's printing plant waiting for their pay, owing to delay in payments from other departments—Treaty advocates hopeful opponent's will yield and allow ratification without amendment—Puglist dies in Louisville from the effects of an injury received in the ring—American troops to have practice marches in Cuba—New elevators in the Adams poisoning case—Boston police Lieutenant looking for the place left vacant owing to the death of Captain Walker—Senator Quay comes near re-election through absenteeism; no change in Delaware contest—Train wreck at Great Bend, Pa.; one man killed—Teenagers along the Kennebec river preparing to house the crop—Receivers of the Framingham, Mass., Savings bank pay out \$27,000 to depositors in a week—Mill of the Laurel Hill Yarn company at Bridgeton, N. J., burned—Incendiary fire in West Plymouth, N. H.—National amateur rowing regatta of this year will be rowed in Boston—Hellees defeats Fulford in a match for the live bird shooting championship—Loving cup given to Captain Weeks by boys on the Minnesota—Six resolutions on the question of expansion before the Massachusetts legislature—Earthquake shock lasting several minutes felt at Hicksville, 100 miles—P. Jefferson Coolidge gives \$500 to Harvard to furnish debating prizes—Expectation in Washington that the Eagan trial will be public.

MONDAY, JAN. 27.

Ernest Darling, 16 years old, breaks into the house of Howard and William F. Wade, at Somerville, Mass., and shoots the former, inflicting a slight wound—Much hope expressed in Marlboro, Mass., that the end of the strike is at hand, as a result of the conference of the shoe men and the state board of arbitration—Mrs. Martha Ryan of Boston died from injuries received a number of days ago, according to medical examiner's report; police looking for a man named Sutherland—United States revenue cutter Alman driven ashore off coast of Texas; all on board escape—New customs tariff for Porto Rico framed to yield a revenue of 15 percent ad valorem; is much lower than Spanish duty on American products and food-stuffs, but higher than old Spanish duty on imports—Military funeral of Private George H. Bailey of the First Maine heavy artillery in Bangor, Me.—Reported that a turning point has been reached by New York police in the Adams' poisoning mystery—Mass meeting in New York to protest against the annexation of the Philippines under the auspices of the Continental League—Famous Astor battery returns to New York and is given a grand welcome, has traveled 22,000 miles since last June—Quay men claim the senator will be re-elected this week, while anti-slavery friends are beaten—John D. Rockefeller's income in \$25 per minute, and his fortune is estimated at \$250,000,000—Mold at the keel of the Shamrock has been completed—Engineers' union of Boston requests governor to recall state inspectors from Marlboro—Executive committee of the Longfellow National Memorial association issues an appeal for subscriptions to the saving fund—Rocco Basile badly injured in row at Newton, Mass.—Luigi di Giacomo charged with assault—Death of Dr. William Wood of Portland, Me., the old physician in the state.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28.

Extra session of congress seems inevitable; senate fails to confirm Sampson and Schley as rear admirals—Lieutenant Colonel Chaffin of the Sixth Massachusetts volunteer militia resigns—Blackburn—Cubans in Mayari district, near Guantánamo, continue to rob, burn and slay; say rumors which United States authorities will neither confirm nor deny—Impression at Brown university that Rev. Dr. Thomas D. Andrews will succeed Dr. Andrews—Eleven leases near Bangor, Me., burned at a loss of \$3,000—Secretary Alger says that if Spain makes trouble for the United States in the Philippines it will have to be reckoned for—Commodore Philip to be given two jeweled swords—Greater activity in the hunt for the one who sent the poison to Harry Cornell in New York—Motion to quash indictment against Dr. Nancy A. Gifford in Bridgeport, Conn., argued and decision reserved—First party of Russian Doubtoborot starts from St. John for Wimbley, where they will settle—Directors of the American Penitentiary vote unanimously against acceptance of sovereignty over the Philippines—Death at Lowell, Mass., of Mrs. Bridget Fox, aged 105 years—Chris Von Don Abe loses the suit brought against him by the Mississippi Valley Trust company—James Sutherland arrested on a charge of murder in causing the death of Josephine Conwell at Boston—Aged Kittery, Me., woman assaulted by a robber, who escaped, but was captured later—Astor battery passes in review before Mayor Van Wyck of New York.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 29.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge makes a remarkable address on the West resolution; Massachusetts' junior senator favors a prompt ratification of the treaty—Stonebridge to return to Rhode Island and goes alone to Port Morris soon after leaving New York—Henry T. Sloane of New York threatens wife with suit to secure custody of their children—Proposition to amend the law of Maine to allow corporations to organize with a capital up to \$100,000—James Sutherland held for manslaughter, in causing the death of Josephine Conwell at Boston—Wesleyan ready to enter an athletic league with Amherst and

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicous."

**WALTER BAKER & CO.'S
BREAKFAST COCOA**

"Has stood the test of more than 100 years' use among all classes, as for purity and honest worth is unequalled."

Standard Sewickay Journal.

Costs less than ONE CENT A CUP.
Trade-Mark on Every Package.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

BOSTON.

NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA.

BALTIMORE.

CHICAGO.

ST. LOUIS.

DETROIT.

CLEVELAND.

ATLANTA.

MEMPHIS.

NEW ORLEANS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

LOS ANGELES.

SEATTLE.

PORTLAND.

OAKLAND.

PHOENIX.

TUCSON.

SAN ANTONIO.

HOUSTON.

DALLAS.

OKLAHOMA CITY.

TULSA.

OMAHA.

KANSAS CITY.

ST. JOSEPH.

DES MOINES.

MILWAUKEE.

MINNEAPOLIS.

SPRINGFIELD.

PROVIDENCE.

NEW BEDFORD.

FALL RIVER.

PROTECTOR.

NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA.

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ST. JOSEPH.

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Selected Tale.

DICK'S GUEST.

To get money and to keep it, according to Richard Whistone's catechism, were the two chief ends of man.

He was a very mean and unkind man; but was the right thing economically, and therefore right in itself.

To one person in the world Richard Whistone was generous, and that was his dear friend, Richard Whistone.

Richard Whistone had done a good day's work. He had made two or three profitable slaves. He had sold up the Widow Martin and turned her and her six children out of doors for nonpayment of rent, and finally had read a little boy with pinched and pitiful face who had brought the price of a loaf of bread and who said he had a sick mother at home, lecture on the sinfulness of begging that evidently touched the little wretch's conscience, for he turned aside and wept bitterly.

"You're a good citizen, Dick," he said as he sat down to dinner, "and deserve to be rewarded."

The dinner was one after his own heart. It was a treat he had promised himself if things went right, and they had gone right.

He ate, drank and was merry. If his appetite lost its edge, the bottle of burgundy was there to whet it, and he fell to again till the last morsel, like Macbeth's men, stuck in his throat.

Satiety normally begets placidity.

The lion, the leopard and the lamb might lay down together any day with perfect safety in the latter provided the two former had their bellies full. The bear despotically gorged with an ox before it became blind for a season to a life of quiet, but the effect on Richard Whistone was different. The expense of dinner rested heavily on his conscience, and his brain began to busy itself with schemes of retribution.

The current of his thoughts was interrupted by a loud knock. Who could be coming on business at that hour, some one perhaps with a bill to discount in an emergency that would bear no discount? So much the better, and he hastened to open the door.

"How are you, Dick?" the stranger greeted him with a familiarity altogether too familiar for a leery customer.

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir," said Richard to a too-much-freezing than polite.

"But I know you well," returned the stranger, "and pray don't let us stand here bandying ceremony, for it's unfounded chivalry." Saying which he led the way to the apartment Richard had just quitted.

"Well, this is comfort," he continued, rubbing his hands before the fire. "I haven't felt so much at home since I left there."

A hasty survey of his visitor added alarm to Richard's astonishment. He was a wiry, ill-looking little man, in a rusty suit of black, with a wicked leer on his face.

"I say, Dick," the little man resumed, holding his hands in the blaze, as if they were fireproof, "what an infernal dog you are!"

"Whether hospitable or inhospitable," growled Richard, losing his temper as he gained his courage, "is not your business, but I would like to know what it is."

"It's bad talking of business on an empty stomach."

"I don't see how it's to be helped," answered Dick doggedly.

"Don't you see how it's to be helped, you unmerciful?" thundered the little man fiercely. "With the remains of such a feast on the table there must be more where it came from."

"Upon my word," replied Richard weakly, "for he was getting frightened again, "there isn't a bit in the house."

"Don't! Don't!" roared the other.

"There's a cold ham in the pantry and a demijohn of brandy in the closet."

"How do you know that?" it was on the edge of Richard's tongue to ask, but he was too much amazed to speak.

"How do I know it?" broke in the stranger, as if reading his thoughts. "Why, I smell them. So bring them out."

Richard would have dammed, but his guest made a movement which convinced him delay might be dangerous, and the required articles were produced.

Without changing his seat, the little man got up to the table and began to eat. And how he did eat! A chunk of ham, big enough for a share bait, was stuck on the point of the carving knife and thrust down his throat with the facility of a sword swallow. An' other and another followed, till nothing remained but the bone which he

eaten with his teeth and then sucked the marrow.

"Now for a punch!" he cried.

"There is no hot water," Richard ventured to say.

"Want? Who asked for water? Bring me a lemon, some sugar and a kettle."

The kettle was placed on the fire. The stranger filled it with brandy, adding lemon and sugar to suit his taste.

As the liquor boiled he caught fire, setting the whole in a blaze.

Richard jumped up to take it off.

The stranger caught his arm and flung him back as if he had been a child in

stead of a substantial citizen of 200 pounds.

"What are you about?" he exclaimed.

"The punch is doing well enough."

"I was only afraid the house might be burned."

"Bother the house!" replied the little man. "There's no danger."

"Your health, Dick," at length he said, and raising the kettle all abuzz to his lips he drank like a dormouse.

"And now, Dick, it's your turn," he said, after a long breath. "You must drink my health now."

Richard drew back.

"Drink!" shouted the stranger, holding out the vessel.

Poor Dick took a single gulp. He left the skin of his mouth on the rim of the kettle, on which it was scorched as with a liquid fire, and his hair was singed by the blaze.

"And now to business," said the stranger, resuming his seat and leaving Dick to stand or sit as he chose.

"You know John Walter, I suppose."

"Yes—yes," stammered Richard. "I once knew a person of that name."

"You and he went to California together?"

Richard acknowledged the fact.

"I believe I was the more fortunate of the two."

"You and he started to return together, and he died at San Francisco?"

Richard bowed.

"His wife and children are now destitute," the stranger persisted.

"I cannot help that."

"Of course not. It was his boy, you know the good advice today. I hope the young scamp will profit by it."

"The scene with the little beggar, Richard was quite sure had been witnessed by no one. How the stranger had found out was past comprehension."

"You're quite sure John Walter died poor?" the stranger went on.

"Oh, quite!" said Richard. "I paid his funeral expenses myself."

"That's a lie," retorted the little man.

"They were paid by the public. He'd another he that he died poor. He had \$20,000 with him which you stole!"

"I deny it," Richard fairly screamed, "and defy you to prove it!"

"Prove it! What effort! Why I know you do it!"

"It's false! There was nobody present!"

"Be careful, Dick, or you'll commit yourself. I saw you do another thing."

Richard sank shivering into a chair, but said nothing.

"John Walter would have survived his illness, but you put poison in his medicine!"

A sudden fury took possession of Richard Whistone when he saw the son of his life in another's keeping.

The carving knife lay within his reach.

He seized it and, springing on the stranger, with a desperate plunge sought to bury the blade in his heart, but it glanced as from plate armor and in an instant the little man was on his feet.

"Ob, hol! That's your game, is it?"

And with a trip that sent his heels spinning in the air Richard was thrown headlong with a force that shook the house to its foundation. The club foot was planted on his stomach, and what a horribly ugly foot it was! It was crooked like the hoof of an ox and seemed to weigh a ton.

"Then you are—"

"Pray keep a civil tongue in your head and come along," said the little man.

Richard fainted.

When he came to himself, day was breaking. The old housekeeper, who had found him groaning and sprawling on the floor, had with much difficulty shaken him into consciousness. She assisted him to bed, but Richard never had himself asleep. The sunset of his life had brought on a fever, of which he died in eight days. His last rational act was the execution of a will, by which he left the bulk of his fortune to John Walter's widow and child, which, after all, was a simple act of justice, for it had been the demon of nightmare had told the truth.—Cincinnati Post.

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"It's bad talking of business on an empty stomach."

"I don't see how it's to be helped," answered Dick doggedly.

"Don't you see how it's to be helped, you unmerciful?" thundered the little man fiercely. "With the remains of such a feast on the table there must be more where it came from."

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FORT CARRIED BY RUSH.

Chaffee's Regulars Pressed Home, and El Caney Fell.

AS THE MEN IN IT SAW IT.

Bloody Work for the Seventh, Seventeenth and Twelfth United States Infantry—Capron's Guns Smashed Things—Story of the Flag—“Fortune of War Goes.”

(Copyright, 1898, by the Author.)

VI.

EN. ADNA R. CHAFFEE, whose brigade had the hardest work of El Caney fighting, planned the attack, and although the supreme moment was delayed for hours, the battle was fought precisely as planned.

The slope in front of the Seventh was a dense chaparral, and a charge down that across the ravine under the nooses of the Mausers would have annihilated the regiment. Besides, in advancing to the fort the Seventh would have gotten under the fire of Capron's guns. They kept their colors flying all day as markers for Capron. The losses were distributed over every hour of the day and over all the companies in the regiment. The officers were surprised in the end to learn how many had been lost, total of 140 out of 830 in line. As it was impossible for a man to show the smallest part of his body without getting it punctured, all the firing was done while lying down, and all the killed were shot in the head. Its commander, O. S. Carpenter, a veteran of the civil war, was on the firing line all day. When the Twelfth regiment advanced against the stone fort early in the morning, it drew the Spanish fire from the trenches, the loopholed fort and the church. Spaniards in the church belfry first sighted the Twelfth as it moved from the mountain down through the hollow to reach high ground 700 or 800 yards from the fort.

Captain Waltz's company crept up within 350 to 400 yards, working right and left and trying to get a position unswept by the Spanish fire. After the fort had been breached by Capron's guns a company regimental bugle was formed and swept forward to the fort, which was taken possession of by Companies A, D and F under Captain Wozl, Lieutenant White and Captain Clarke.

It was then 3 o'clock. Some of the men of Company F crept through the holes which Capron's shells had made in the stone walls and got the Spanish flag. Private Abel of Company A raised the colors of the Twelfth over the fort. Soldiers of the regiment were wounded in the fort after it had been taken. The Spanish flag was handed first to Captain H. L. Haskell, commanding the battalion to which Company F belonged. Captain Haskell gave it to Greelman, the correspondent, who was severely wounded. The Twelfth men finally got possession of the flag again, tore it into bits and distributed the pieces through the regiment.

The Twelfth was 500 strong at El Caney, and lost 49 killed and wounded. Colonel Richard Conka, a war veteran, was wounded, and was succeeded in command by Major H. A. Humphreys, another war veteran. The Spanish general, Vara del Rey, with his brother and two sons, were among the killed.

A veteran who commanded a regiment at El Caney told me that in the Spanish position there was an ideal one; that one standard was equal to four Americans in the charging line. The village of El Caney itself is a compact group of stone houses. The tallest of these, as well as the church on the hill-side back of them and its belfry, were loopholed, and on the outskirts of the village there were several ordinary blockhouses filled in with earth and one made of stone. This key to the position, as before stated, was the strong stone fort, southeast of the village, crowning a hill about 100 feet high. The El Caney garrison has been variously estimated from 500 to 1,000 infantry, no artillery nor machine guns. An estimate, which seems to be generally accepted, places the strength at 400 men. It has also been stated that 400 men were killed, wounded and taken prisoners. The Spanish general, Vara del Rey, with his brother and two sons, were among the killed.

General Chaffee's plan was to throw the left regiment of his brigade against the stone fort, swinging his right in line with it around so as to sweep the interval between the fort and the village and thus hold the Spanish between his line and that of Ludlow's. During the night of the 16th he placed a company of the Twelfth regiment at the base of a hill which lay between his bivouac and the stone fort, with orders to seize the hill in the morning. He also placed a company of the Seventh regiment on a height northeast of El Caney.

At daylight of the 1st Chaffee sent the Twelfth regiment to deploy to the right of the company posted on the hill and attack in a southwest direction—that is, toward the fort, and at the same time he led the Seventh and Seventeenth north by a road from Montanejo, changing directions southwest toward the village and the interval between that and the fort. At about 7:30, or an hour after Capron's guns opened, these regiments came in view of the Twelfth and formed connection, so as to cover the whole Spanish position. The bridge-line was actually formed about 8 o'clock, for in advancing the men on the right found themselves fired on from a blockhouse northeast of El Caney village. Fifty Culoms were sent against the blockhouse to keep its fire down.

"No indeed. I isn't losin' fo' no trouble. I was merely 'quirin' astuh you health an' comfort. I wanted ter make shu' whether you was a-skyahb' d'at f'no."

"Me a-skyahb' d'at!" she exclaimed, with great contempt. "I'm humiliated. Dat's what I is. An' I guess dey is mo' service place don dis, so's I won't ha' fer quit workin' when I's left."

"Is you gwine away?"

"I is."

"What's yo' dissatisfaction?"

"Laziness. White folks' laziness. I doesn't sneek quality folks to work hard. But dat's seck a thing as kyahb' in luxury an' ease too far for yo' respectability. I didn't blame en' tol' get'in' red or de cookin' an' cleanin' an' passin' de dishes at dinner. But when dey git so dey's got ter set up machinery to help 'em draw deir brief, I tells you, chile, dey's got clean past de limits ob gentility."

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"Laziness. White folks' laziness. I doesn't sneek quality folks to work hard. But dat's seck a thing as kyahb' in luxury an' ease too far for yo' respectability. I didn't blame en' tol' get'in' red or de cookin' an' cleanin' an' passin' de dishes at dinner. But when dey git so dey's got ter set up machinery to help 'em draw deir brief, I tells you, chile, dey's got clean past de limits ob gentility."

"Me a-skyahb' d'at!" she exclaimed, with great contempt. "I'm humiliated. Dat's what I is. An' I guess dey is mo' service place don dis, so's I won't ha' fer quit workin' when I's left."

"Is you gwine away?"

"I is."

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